

**TWO POEMS FOR FELIXSTOWE SURF N TURF  
BY DEAN PARKIN**

**Five Haiku (To Be Sung By The Sea)**

You've heard my old song.  
*I woke up this morning – yeh,  
feeling kinda blue.*

\* \* \*

Noon – I seem so calm.  
Invite you in for a swim.  
Relax. Just drift off.

\* \* \*

Afternoon walker –  
skim a stone, throw me a line.  
Or drown your sorrows?

\* \* \*

Evening. To the sun:  
*You're a drop in my ocean!*  
*Little orange ball!*

\* \* \*

I'm out with the moon  
but one day I'll come ashore.  
Just try and stop me.

## **What You Remember**

*A poem put together with memories gleaned  
from the 'I Remember' postcards.*

Your Dad got a kite stuck on the roof of *The Bartlett*,  
he had to take a deep breath then go and ask for it.

Fludyers & Graystons ice creams, shrimp men on the prom.  
The magic when the spa gardens' lights switched on.

Saturday nights dances with Bob Miller & the Miller Men.  
Or the wrestling bouts or The Who at the Pier Pavillion

In the Old Town, in 1925, for your fortnight's holiday  
or Jubilee Day in 35 and tea in the Empire Café.

Running over the stones faster than your father,  
cos if he caught you, he'd dip you in the scary sea water.

Buckets and spades or swimming in the long summer's heat,  
then burning your bum on the hot car seat.